

Until The Fifth Drink

or so I am not very good company because
everyone looks like my father, a man who
has never touched himself below the waist
or taken a drink of
anything.

But as the clock moves and my turn comes
to buy a round, I begin to relax: I know
what time old folks go to bed. So I watch
the fights, bait the gridiron catechist.

But as the clock moves, I begin to dread the
last call: what if he is outside, anyway,
parked around the corner in his Godmobile
angry with me for keeping him up, thirsty
for my salvation.

I might have a chance if he burst into some
dim saloon at 9:00 p.m. but outside on the
deserted street with only the indifferent
sky for a witness

he would show no mercy.

Pets

I shoot the dogs that come to
me when I call, strangle
pussycats that eat what I
offer. Birds that sing in
my cage end up with their
throats cut.

I have a snake that refuses
to eat, lying away from the
lamp and the leaves, eyes
turned in, looking the
length of him.

He is my favorite.